

CHANDAMAMA

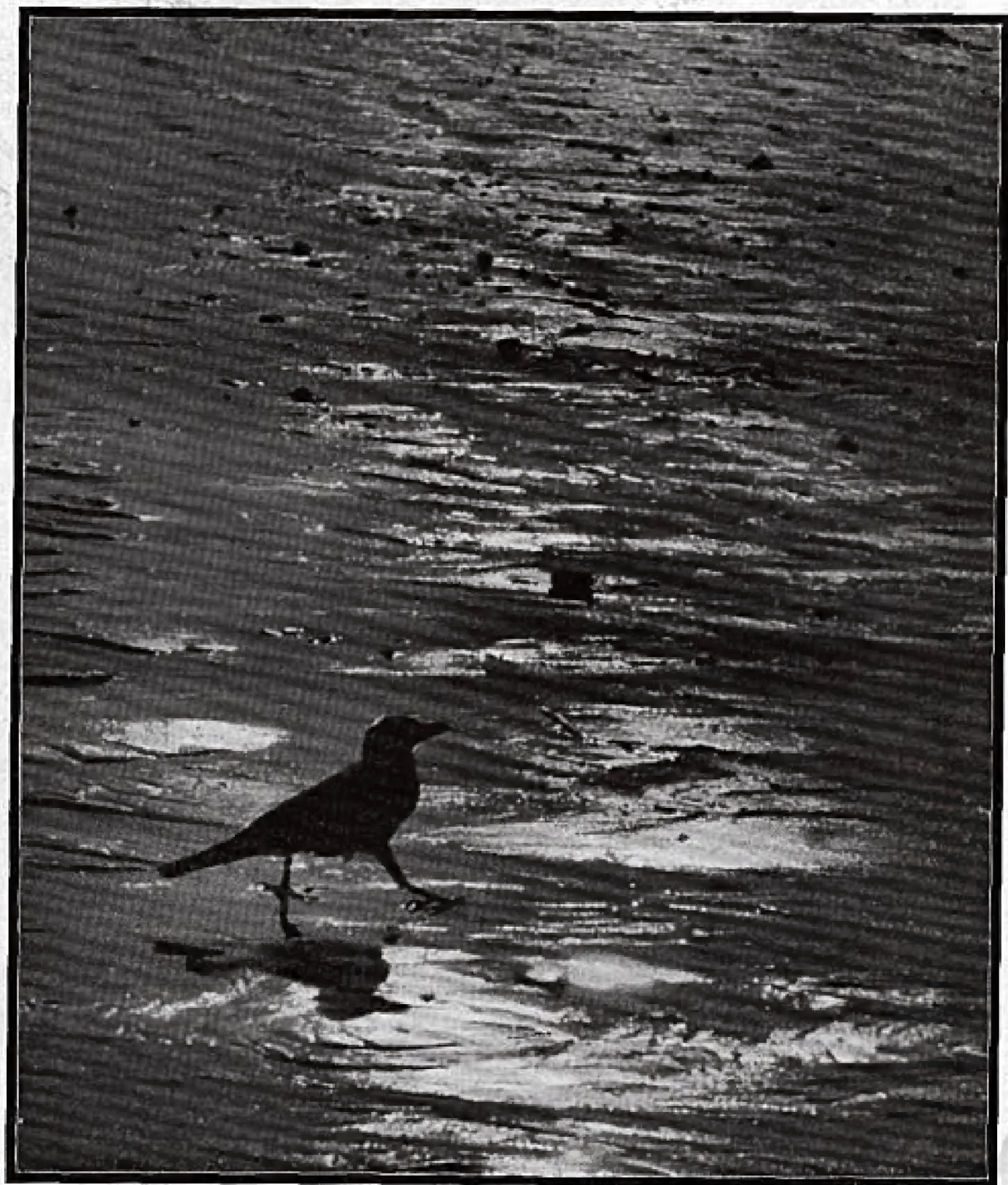
MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



1st Oct. '55



MTV Academy



Winning
Caption

AND HE WHO LIES LATE
WILL NEVER BE WISE

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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: CHAKRAPANI

THE Jataka Tale in this issue contains a fine moral for both men and nations.

Because the King of Banaras allowed his desire for power to go out of his control, he engaged his brother to conquer new kingdoms and later he wanted the help of Indra who came to him in disguise.

When Indra disappeared without fulfilling his promise the king became sick with his own desire. Only, when Bodhisatva advised him to trim his desires to his needs as the tailor cuts cloth to the exact measure of the body, did the king recover his health.

OCTOBER
1955

VOL. I
NO. 4



INGRATITUDE

*A mild and gentle peasant
Was Munikrishnaiah,
With an ambition that soared
Higher and still higher.*

*Toiling day and night
On his plot of land
He raised a crop of ragi
So nice and fine and grand!
The barn was full of grain.
He waited for prices to rise.*



*Meanwhile he guarded his store
Like eyelids tending the eyes.*

*Anon a stranger came
Begging for a morsel of bread.
Munikrishnaiah saw
The man's plight and said :*

*"Sir, you're welcome here,"
And fed the hungry man.
The man without thanking the host
Ate the food and was gone.*

*That night the peasant heard
A rapping sound at his door.*





Story Poem

*When lo! he recognized
 Their leader as none other than
 The one who lately visited
 That day his house! It was he!
 The man that bit the hand
 That fed him! Soothingly
 The peasant helped the man
 To his feet and, "Sir," he said,
 "The food is ready! Will you eat?"
 The scoundrel weeping fled!*

*He knew they were thieves and so
 He quietly went to the store*

*And gathered the grain in a basket
 And spread it all on the floor.
 Then taking a lathi in hand
 He opened wide the door.*

*The thieves rushed into the house
 Stepped and slipped on the grain
 And fell flat on the ground.
 The peasant beat them amain.*

*He lit a lamp and saw
 In the light their faces wan,*



THE FRONT COVER

ON the banks of the river, Malini, was the hermitage of Kanwa. Surrounded by singing brooks and lovely woods it was like fairyland. In this fairyland grew up a girl fairer than any fairy. She was Shakuntala, the foster daughter of Kanwa.

Menaka, the famous dancing beauty of Heaven had come down to earth to seduce the *rishi*, Viswamitra and disrupt his penance. She succeeded in this attempt and Shakuntala was born to Menaka as a result of her union with Viswamitra. Later Menaka abandoned her child and returned to Heaven. When Kanwa came upon the babe he found birds tending her and named her Shakuntala.

In her full-blown youth Shakuntala was so beautiful that King Dushyanta who came to the neighbouring woods on a hunting expedition, saw her and at once fell in love with her. Shakuntala returned his love and they were secretly married.

Out of this secret wedlock was born a boy whose name was destined to live as long as this world should last. His name was Bharata. At the age of six he could tame the fiercest wild beasts of the jungle. He could make them live in happy concord with the gentle creatures of the woodlands.

In course of time Bharata succeeded to his father's throne and he had such a glorious reign over the land that it came to be called Bharat after him.



BRAHMADUTT, the king of Banaras had two sons. When his time drew near, the king decided to crown his elder son king and appoint the younger one as the commander-in-chief. But on the eve of his coronation the elder prince said, "I do not want any throne. Let my brother be king in my stead."

In a spirit of renunciation the elder prince left Banaras. He went to a tributary state and engaged himself to a rich man. He maintained himself by the sweat of his brow.

In course of time some officers arrived in this kingdom from Banaras in order to inspect certain lands and fix the taxes. They went to the rich man's house in order to pay homage to

their prince. The rich man took this opportunity to request the prince to recommend him to his brother, the king of Banaras, for reduction of taxes. The prince made the necessary recommendation and the rich man's taxes were reduced.

Having come to know this, several others pestered the prince to recommend them for reduction of their taxes, too. The prince sent on all the requests to his younger brother at Banaras who promptly granted them.

Soon every one in the state began to look upon the prince as their real ruler. They paid all their taxes and addressed their petitions only to him. The prince too began to enjoy the royalty thrust upon him by the people.



His feeling of renunciation left him and he began to thirst for the throne which he had abandoned sometime back. But he could not ask for it now.

So he began to occupy one tributary state after another and deal with them himself. But he kept informing his brother about what he was doing. The king of Banaras never raised a single objection to what his brother did.

All the tributary states were now directly under the elder prince's rule. Only Banaras was still beyond his reach. He collect-

ed some messengers and sent them to the king of Banaras. They told the king, "your brother wants to know whether you will yield the throne to him or face him in battle!"

The king of Banaras sent back his reply: "You need not fight me for the throne which was your own. You can take it back at your pleasure."

The elder brother became the king of Banaras and the ex-king became his commander-in-chief.

Once whetted, the thirst for power is not easily satiated. The new king of Banaras demanded that his younger brother should conquer for him fresh kingdoms. More and more states were conquered and annexed to the kingdom of Banaras but the king's thirst for power did not abate.

Now, Indra, the Ruler of Heaven, happened to look into the affairs of mortals on earth. He felt that the insatiable power-lust of the king of Banaras was going to have a bad end for the human race unless effectively checked in time.

In order to do this Indra turned himself into a noble youth and went to see the king of Banaras. He got a private audience of the king and told him, "O king, I know of three great cities which are overflowing with riches. I can conquer them for you, if you want."

The king was beside himself with joy at this offer. He wanted to talk over the details with the young man but somehow he was nowhere to be seen. The king sent his servants to search for him all over the palace. When

they could not find him, the king was very much annoyed. He called to him all his officials and told them, "Even now, a young man came to me and offered to me three great cities and abruptly slipped away. Search for him everywhere and bring him to me."

The entire city was combed for the unknown young man. But there was no result. The king appeared to lose his very reason. He took to bed and, inspite of the best efforts of all the doctors, went from bad to worse. His condition became serious.



Now it so happened that Bodhisatva, who had been to Takshasila for his education, returned to Banaras. He heard of the king's indisposition and went to cure him.

The king told Bodhisatva, "One day, a young man came to me and offered to conquer for me three great cities. After that he disappeared and I took to bed with the disappointment of it. Cure me if you can."

"O king, you can never conquer the three cities by simply worrying about them," Bodhisatva said.

The king agreed.

"Worry solves no problems. Everything in this world is ultimately dead or destroyed. You yourself will have to go. You know it," said Bodhisatva.

The king agreed to this too.

"When a man dies he has to leave behind not only his possessions but his own body. O king, neither three cities nor even three hundred can make you more happy, because nothing is permanent. The only disease is Desire. You must keep Desire under control. It should not be allowed to grow beyond one's own legitimate needs. Even as the tailor cuts the cloth to the exact measure of the body, Desire must be trimmed to life's needs. Then only can one be happy," Bodhisatva said.

These words of Bodhisatva gave solace to the mind of the insatiable king and he was rid of his ailment. He kept Bodhisatva with him all his life and took his advice on every matter of state.





4

[Samarsen of Kundalini, started out in search of wealth, found himself stranded on the Isle of Sorcery amidst primitive beasts and Sorcerers. He and his six men had to run away from Sorcerer One-eye and the creatures of another sorcerer, Four-eyes.]

SAMARSEN and his men kept running till they reached a rocky region. They could no longer hear the frightening boom of the sorcerer, One-eye. "God bless us!" they said to themselves. The Awesome Owl and the Ape-man, messengers of Four-eyes were nowhere to be seen. It was evident that they were no longer following them. This was a great relief.

Now for the next step!—before they were beset by some other calamity they should be out of this Isle of Sorcery. But this was not as easy as it appeared at first sight. How were they to leave this island? In which direction were their ships? Were the ships safe, and the men in them? In which part of the island were Samarsen and his men now?



These questions had to be answered. In the thick jungle that covered this island sense of direction was completely lost. Everywhere there were mountains, tall trees and thick creepers spreading over the trees like a close net. Unless they knew east from west and north from south they could not plan where to go.

While Samarsen was lost in these doubts he saw the sun peep through the clouds. This helped him to guess which part of the island they have reached.

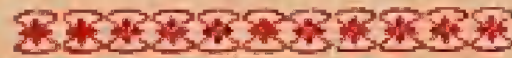


"This is west," Samarsen told his men. "We are now on the western part of the island. Our ships lie on the east coast. That is the present position."

"We must reach the east coast as best we can," said one of the men as his considered opinion.

"Easier said than done," sighed Samarsen. "There is no straight path to the east coast. There are all sorts of dangers in the way. We must cross hills and forests and, above all, face ferocious beasts. Our destination lies beyond all these."

Seeing their leader sigh in despair, the men were quite disheartened. Samarsen sensed this. "But we will make it!" he said sternly. "At any cost we will reach our ships. Of course, there will be difficulties. To face them we have our swords and the blessings of Mother Kundalini—our greatest armour. It has protected us until now. Come on, men! Follow me!"



Hardly had Samarsen taken a few steps when he suddenly stopped, cautioning his men to be quiet. All of them saw a sight which could make even the bravest of men shiver. A huge python was noiselessly crawling down a tree towards a couple of leopards which were not aware of the danger approaching them. The python suddenly lunged forward and gripped one of the leopards in its fangs and threw its coils around it in an iron grip. The second leopard was scared and ran off.

But, instead of running away altogether, the second leopard returned back and jumped at the python with a great force.

"Let us proceed. We should avoid falling victims to such dangers," said Samarsen to his men.

They proceeded further through a marsh. This place was covered with sediments brought down by mountain streams and rivulets. The whole place was





overgrown with very tall grass and bamboo thickets. They made their way through the tall grass, very carefully watching out for any danger. As usual Samarsen was in the lead. He was inspiring his men with courage.

"It looks to me," he said, "that there must be plenty of water around here. Possibly lots of animals come here to drink. But these animals are not likely to be as dangerous as the wild ones."

These words were hardly uttered when they saw a rhinoceros emerge out of tall grassy bushes. The men began to look round for a way of escape.

"It may be dangerous to run away," Samarsen warned his men, eying the beast. "Draw your swords and stand behind me in a line."

The rhinoceros looked up at the men, snorted and pawed the ground, grunting fiercely. The men were shivering with fear. They wondered whether their commander could cope with the beast. The rhino pawed the ground again and charged.

As the brute came headlong Samarsen struck his sword deep into his back. Any other animal would have fallen down. But not the rhino. He only roared and turned back. The sword-thrust evidently had no effect on him. For he turned back once again facing the men. Then it charged again.



This time the men were bold. They were infused with the cold courage of their leader. As the rhino charged at them they stepped aside and pierced him with their steel blades. The rhino was done for. It turned on its side and fell, kicking his legs and roaring with pain.

"Luck has been with us so far," Samarsen told his men. "Other beasts may be attracted by his roaring and it is not safe for us to remain here. Let us be off!"

Samarsen and his men presently came upon a pleasant pool. Some of the men were thirsty after their encounter with the rhino. They wanted to drink some water. One said that it would be very fine if he could have a dip.

"Try to remember," Samarsen warned his men, "that we are on the Isle of Sorcery. Whatever you want to do, be careful!"

It was no idle warning. As two of the men got into the





water the pool seemed to bestir itself and four or five alligators jumped at the men. The men on the shore tried to chase them away with bows and arrows but they could not prevent the alligators from seizing the men and dragging them to the bottom of the pool.

This one incident depressed Samarsen and his remaining four followers more than all the horrors they had seen up till then. The utter strangeness of the

surroundings and the dangers that faced them at every step helped to unite these men as nothing else could. They were dearer to one another than their dearest ones. They were like one being of which Samarsen was the head and the others were limbs. So the loss of two men was like the loss of two precious limbs. With heavy hearts they moved forward with the greatest possible caution. Soon they found a lake of water

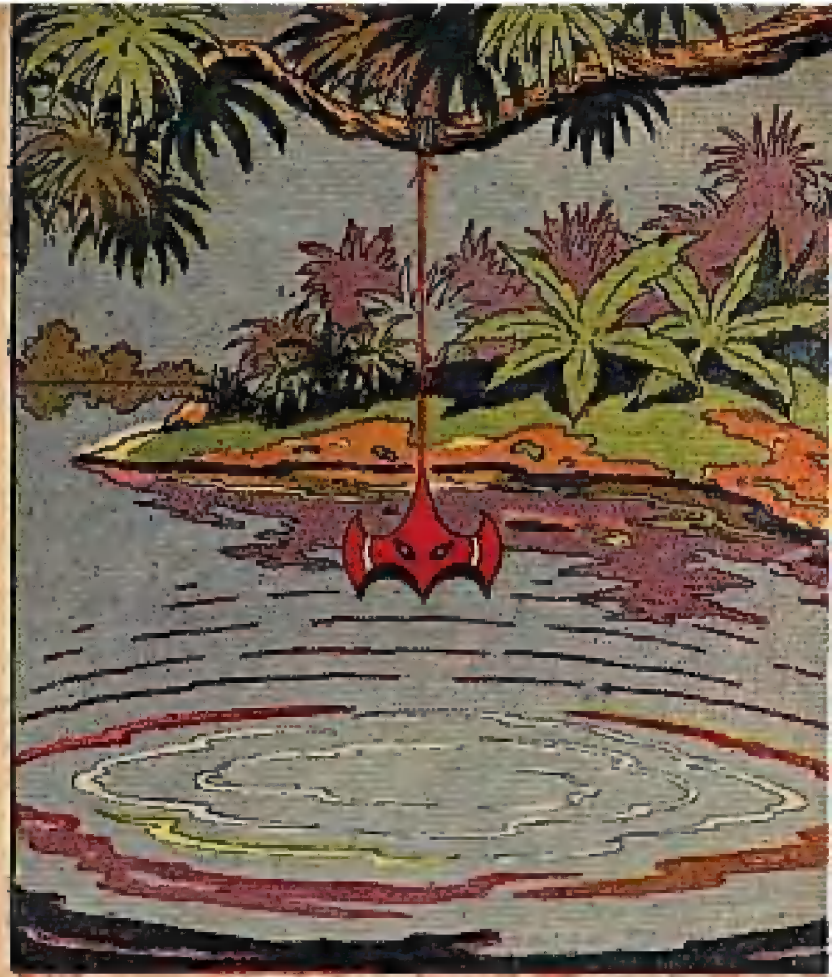


barring their way. They had to cross it or turn back.

"This appears to be very big," thought Samarsen. "How are we to cross it?" He had no chance of thinking any further because the water near the shore was moving and sounding as though some one was bathing in it, though, actually, nobody was to be seen. But there was a branch of a tree overhanging the spot where the lake was being disturbed and an odd cap with two eye-like slits was hanging from this branch by a tassel.

Not one of them could believe his eyes. Even Samarsen could not solve the mystery of the water stirring all by itself. The only possible conclusion was that some invisible person was having a bath in the lake.

Samarsen and his men hid themselves behind a bush and went on watching the mystery. "Could it be the sorcerer, One-eye, by any chance?" Samarsen



asked himself. But he was sure that it was not he. For one thing, the cap hanging from the branch could not be that of One-eye. Could it be *another* sorcerer?

Suddenly some sort of chanting reached their ears from the lake. The voice was rough and bold. "Whoever he is, he is an uncommon fellow!" Samarsen concluded.

While Samarsen and his men were preoccupied with the invisible bather a snake-like head rose from behind the bushes on

the shore of the lake and an unimaginably huge creature, several times bigger than a huge elephant, came into their view. It had a long neck and a head far too small for its body.

This queer creature lowered its tiny head to the spot where the water was astir and the men hiding behind the bushes were watching it with fascinated horror. It was obvious that the giant creature was trying to have a bite of the invisible one.

There was a fierce shout, apparently made by the invisible person. At the same moment the odd cap hanging from the branch slipped down and the next moment a man was seen

standing in the water and wearing the cap.

At the sight of the man the giant reptile got so frightened that it ran away in panic.

"Ah, my dear Big Tummy! You want to gobble me up! You think Four-eyes is such an easy morsel!" said the man standing in the lake, looking in the direction of the giant creature.

Hearing these words Samarsen and his followers shook with uncontrollable dread. "How can we escape this Four-eyes who is the deadly enemy of One-eye? This Four-eyes must be aware that I tried to kill his owl!" Samarsen wondered.

(To be continued)





FOUR VERSES

ONCE the famous poet Vilochana of Banaras paid a visit to the court of King Bhoja along with his wife, son and daughter-in-law who were all poets of a very high order.

One conventional method of testing poetic talent was supplying part of a verse and asking the poet to complete it. King Bhoja offered the following line and asked his four guests to complete the verse as best they could :

“क्रिया सिद्धिं ह्यस्त्वे भवति महतां, नोपकरणे”

(The great gain their ends not by implements but by their might.)

Poet Vilochana recited :

घटो जन्मस्थानं, मृग परिजनो भूर्जवसनो,
वने वासः कंदादिकं मशन मेवंविधं गुणः
अगस्त्यः पायोधिं यदकृतं करंभोजं कुहरे
क्रिया सिद्धिं ह्यस्त्वे भवति महतां, नोपकरणे

(Agasthya was born in a pot, lived among wild beasts, wore the bark of trees, ate tubers for food. And yet, he drank down the oceans in a gulp. The great gain their ends not by implements but by their might.

Once the world was menaced by the demons, Kalakeyas who hid themselves in the ocean during the day and came out at night. To facilitate their destruction in daylight Agasthya, who was discovered in a pot and reared up by *rishis* living in the

RAMESH TRIPATHI



forest, drank down all the oceans in one gulp.)

Poet Vilochana was presented with a diamond for this verse. Then his wife recited :

रथ स्यैकं चक्रं, भुजगनमिता स्सप्त तुरगा,
निरालम्बो मार्गः, चरण विकल स्सारथिरपि
रविर्यात्ये वांते प्रतिदिन मपारस्थ नमसः
क्रिया सिद्धि स्सत्त्वे भवति महतां, नोपकरणे

(On a chariot with a single wheel drawn by seven horses with snakes for reins and driven by a charioteer without legs, the sun comes and goes across the end-

less skies on a path that does not support. The great gain their ends not by implements but by their might.

The legend goes that the sun's charioteer, Anur—meaning Thighless—was hatched out of an egg. His mother who was a slave anxious to be freed by her children, broke the egg prematurely and his legs were not yet formed.)

Vilochana's wife was awarded twelve precious stones and then her son recited :

विजेतव्या लंका, चरण तरणीयो जलनिधिः
विपक्षः पौलस्त्यो, रणभुवि सहायाश्च कपयः
पदातिर्मर्त्यो सौ सकलमवधी द्राक्षसकुलं
क्रिया सिद्धि स्सत्त्वे भवति महतां, नोपकरणे.

(Crossing the ocean on foot, with monkeys as comrades-in-arms, a mortal, a mere foot-soldier conquers the invincible Lanka and kills the great Ravana and his entire demon clan.

This is a reference to Rama who built a road across the sea

to Lanka, conquered Ravana and rescued his wife, Sita who was abducted by Ravana, the monarch of *rakshasas*. Rama's army had neither horses nor chariots.)

For this verse Vilochana's son got sixteen elephants and his wife recited:

धनुः पौष्पं, मौर्वी मधुकरमयी चैवल दशां
दशां कोणो बाणः, सुहृदपि जडात्मा हिमकरः
स्वयं चैको नंगः सकल भुवनम् व्याकुलयति
क्रिया सिद्धि स्तत्त्वे भवति महतां, नोपकरणे

(With a bow of flowers with a string of bees, the looks of damsels for arrows and the torpid moon assisting him, a body-less being tortures the entire world. The great achieve their ends not by implements but by their might.

This is a reference to Manmatha, the Love God of the Hindu lore. When he tried to make Lord Shiva fall in love with Parvati, Lord Shiva got furious and burnt Manmatha to death. But later Shiva did wed Parvati. Rati, wife of Manmatha, begged Lord Shiva to give her back her husband. So he relented and granted that Manmatha should be alive even in a body-less state. While the other poets referred to heroes of one particular time, this poetess referred to an invisible hero of all time.)

King Bhoja considered this verse to be the best of all and showered the young poetess with all sorts of presents.





LIFE WASTED

IN a certain village there was a well-read and learned Brahman who was very proud of his learning. He would look upon illiterates as worthless creatures. In his opinion the lives of the tillers of land, hewers of wood and drawers of water and even the various types of artisans and other servants of society were quite wasted.

One day this learned man had to cross a river. He got into a ferry. The ferryman waited for some time to see if anybody else would come along, and then started crossing the river with the Brahman alone.

As the ferry crossed to the other side, the Brahman looked

at the ferryman straining at the oars and was filled with pity as well as contempt. This unfortunate fellow must have been doing this work practically all his life, nearly all the day round. There was no learning in him whatsoever.

"My good man," said the Brahman condescendingly to the ferryman, "You are as good as dead."

"Sir, why do you say that?" said the ferryman in surprise.

"Have you learnt the Sciences?" asked the learned Brahman.

"No, sir! I know them not!" said the ferryman.

"Ah, then you are half dead!" said the Brahman triumphantly.

"Have you learnt any *puranas*?" the Brahman asked.

"No, sir! Indeed, I didn't!" replied the ferryman. "I am too busy on this job to spare any time for listening to *puranas*."

"There you are! You are three-quarters dead. Let us see if you read at least some literature!" said the Brahman.

"Oh, sir! I do not know how to read at all, leave alone literature!" the ferryman replied.

"See what I mean? You are only about ten per cent. alive. You can be hardly called a live man," the Brahman concluded.

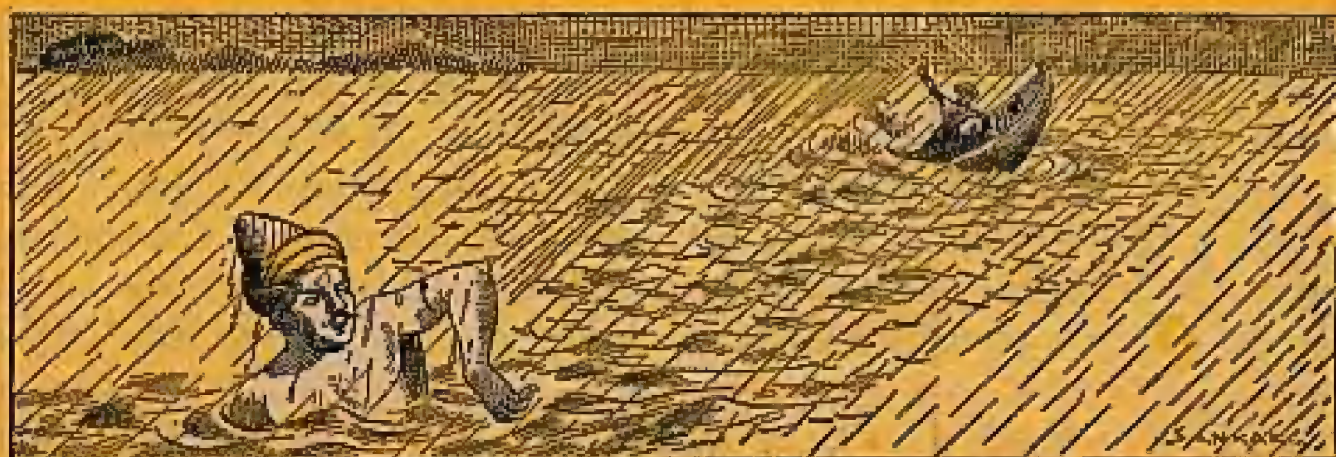
Even as they were chatting like this, there rose up a mighty wind and the waters of the river rose in a flood. The ferry began to

toss about on huge waves. The sky was overcast with dark and fearsome clouds and it began to rain in torrents.

Soon the ferryman lost control of the ferry. Every time the ferry tilted to a side it began to take in some water. The ferryman threw down the oars which were now quite useless. Having decided to abandon the ferry he shouted to the Brahman in the gale, "Sir, do you know how to swim?"

"No, my good man," replied the Brahman. "I do not!"

"Then, sir, I must tell you that your life is completely lost!" said the ferryman as he jumped into the waters and swam away towards the shore.





THERE was once a young man whose mother was a cruel, heartless woman. The young man married and brought his wife home. His mother was very unkind to the daughter-in-law.

In their backyard there was a *karela* creeper and the old woman prepared curry of *karela* everyday but she would not allow her daughter-in-law even to taste it. The girl was very fond of *karela* and her liking was doubled because she had no chance of satisfying it. But what could the poor girl do? Her husband was a helpless sort of fellow, afraid of his mother.

One day the old woman went to stay with her daughter who was living in the same village. Her daughter-in-law took this oppor-

tunity to prepare some *karela* curry. She served herself in a leaf some cooked rice and this curry and sat down to eat when there was a knock on the door and the old woman's voice was heard.

The old woman returned so soon because her daughter's in-laws would not give her food. She was an unwelcome guest and had to go back home.

The daughter-in-law cursed the old woman. She placed the leaf with the rice and curry in an empty water pot and went to open the door. Letting her mother-in-law in, the girl went straight to the public well.

But it happened that there were lots of women around the well and it was not safe to be seen by them eating the curry.



So the unhappy girl went to the temple nearby. At that time of the day it was deserted. The girl went right to the centre of the temple where the image of the Goddess stood, bolted the door and began to gobble up the food for which she had been pining for a very long time. The Goddess herself was so amazed at the sight of this girl eating, that She lifted Her finger to Her nose in surprise.

The girl, however, did not notice this act of the Goddess. She finished her food, came out of the temple, drank some water at the well, filled her pot and went home.

But, that evening, the *pujari* nearly had a stroke when he came to the temple and saw the Goddess. He ran to the king and shouted, "Your Majesty, this is the End! The Goddess has put Her finger on Her nose. I do not know what it means but it can mean nothing but evil."

The king came to the temple to see this wonder and the entire village was there.



"This is certainly a bad omen. If anyone can make Her take down Her hand, I shall give them one thousand one hundred and sixteen rupees," the king announced to the public.

Many people attempted but failed to make the Goddess assume Her usual attitude. The daughter-in-law went to the king and offered to do what the others failed to achieve. She went to the temple with her empty water pot, closed the door, and, going to the Goddess with her pot raised, said, "Are you not a woman?"





Now the villagers stopped offering chicken and sheep to the Goddess. They delivered them to the daughter-in-law instead. Seeing such goings-on the mother-in-law was not only more jealous of her daughter-in-law than ever but she was also afraid of her.

She told her son, one day, confidentially, "My son, your wife is a terrible woman. How can you live with her? If she gets angry with us she will eat us both alive!"

"What can I do?" the son said. "Hitherto I was afraid of you alone. Now I fear her too!"

"I suggest that we somehow destroy her. Later I shall marry you to a meek girl," said the mother. The son agreed to whatever the mother wanted to do.

One night both mother and son fell upon the girl and gagged her so that she could not utter any sound. Then they bound her hand and foot, rolled her in an old mat and took her to the cremation-ground to destroy her.

The son collected some dry branches and made a pyre and

Don't you know that women have things to be kept secret from their husbands and mothers-in-law? Are you not ashamed of being surprised at another woman? Will you put down your hand or shall I have to bash you on the head?"

The Goddess got frightened and took down Her hand. The *pujari* heaved a sigh. The king made the girl a gift of one thousand one hundred and sixteen rupees besides the usual *kumkum*. The villagers too heaped gifts upon the girl.

the daughter-in-law was laid on it. But they had no fire. Unfortunately there was no corpse burning there at the moment.

"Go home and get some fire while I keep watch here," said the mother to her son.

"I am afraid of going alone," the son replied.

"All right, You stay here while I go home and get fire," the mother said.

"I am afraid of remaining here alone," the son replied,

So they both went together to

bring some fire. Before they returned, the girl managed to get her hands loose. Then she untied her feet also. She found a log of wood which she rolled in the mat and placed it on the pyre as before. Then she got up a tree nearby and waited.

Presently the mother and son returned with fire, set fire to the pyre and went home satisfied that the girl was burnt to ashes.

Soon after their departure a couple of thieves came to that spot with some stolen goods. In the light of the burning pyre they began to divide their spoils



under the tree up which the girl was sitting. The girl was drowsy with sleep. She lost her balance and fell upon the thieves. The thieves thought that it was some spectre and ran away terrified.

The girl who was now wide awake, found that the thieves left behind them lots of jewels and nice saris. She put on all the jewels and wore a fine sari, threw her own sari in the fire and, making a bundle of the rest of the things, went home by dawn.

The mother-in-law was roused out of her sleep by a knock on the door. She opened it, saw her daughter-in-law and fell down in a swoon, thinking that the ghost had come seeking vengeance.

The girl brought her to, saying, "Do not be afraid of me. I am

not a ghost. After you burnt me, servants of Yama, the God of Death, took me away. Yama saw me and shouted at his servants, 'Why did you bring the daughter-in-law instead of the mother-in-law? Take this girl back and bring the old witch at once!' I prayed to Yama to spare you, promising that you will behave better in future. Yama would not listen to me at first but later became more kind. Then they gave me all these ornaments and clothes and left me outside our door."

From that day onwards the old woman treated her daughter-in-law very nicely because she was afraid that Yama would send his servants for her if she ill-treated her.





The Fifth Brigade

WHEN Dharmapala became king of Malva he had two able ministers to assist him in ruling the country properly. One of them was called Vijaya and the other Vihara.

Immediately after the crowning ceremony the king called the ministers one after the other to his private chamber and asked them, "What policy should I adopt in order to rule the country ably and justly?"

Vijaya advised the king, "O King, the most vital thing is the Penal Law. It alone protects the people from harm and gives them security and happiness. Gold is purified by heat, iron is toughened by hammering and a king's rule is strengthened by the application of the Penal Law."

Next, Vihara tendered his advice to the king in the following words:

"O King, ruling is a complicated job. The king who wants to rule ideally can afford neither to eat nor to sleep. Therefore a wise king leaves the job of ruling to his ministers and spends his time in endless pleasures."

"And what about the King's Code?" the king asked.

"O King, codes are to be found only in books. No one should allow them to interfere with one's pleasures. Even great *rishis* like Vyasa and Parasara infringed the codes when they wanted to enjoy life. We are but small creatures in comparison. You are young. Neither your youth nor your pleasures are



eternal. So, you should enjoy them while you have them," Vihara replied.

"What do you say to the Penal Law?" the king asked.

Vihara replied, "Even the abridged version of Penal Law by Vishnugupta contains six-thousand verses. Even if one were to master all the verses, one should be able to interpret it. Various interpretations hold the ground and judgement often fails. In matters pertaining to Law we go by usage, ignoring the code."

The king appeared to be satisfied. He put the entire burden of state upon Vihara and devoted himself to such pleasures as drink, hunt and gambling.

Vihara now became the virtual king. He never referred any state matter to the king but looked to everything himself. If anyone had injustice at his hands they had no opportunity to complain to the king. Those who had his favour were free from all laws.

Slowly the entire administration became disorderly. Among the populace drinking and gambling became common. Theft too was on the increase.

News of the anarchy reigning in Malwa reached the kingdom of Chola. Under normal conditions the Chola king could never hope to conquer Malwa. But, since conditions there have changed, he employed his minister's son, Vineetha and sent him to Malwa, as a spy. Vineetha observed the conditions in Malwa and made friends with Vihara the all-powerful minister.

Then both of them started a conspiracy against the country.

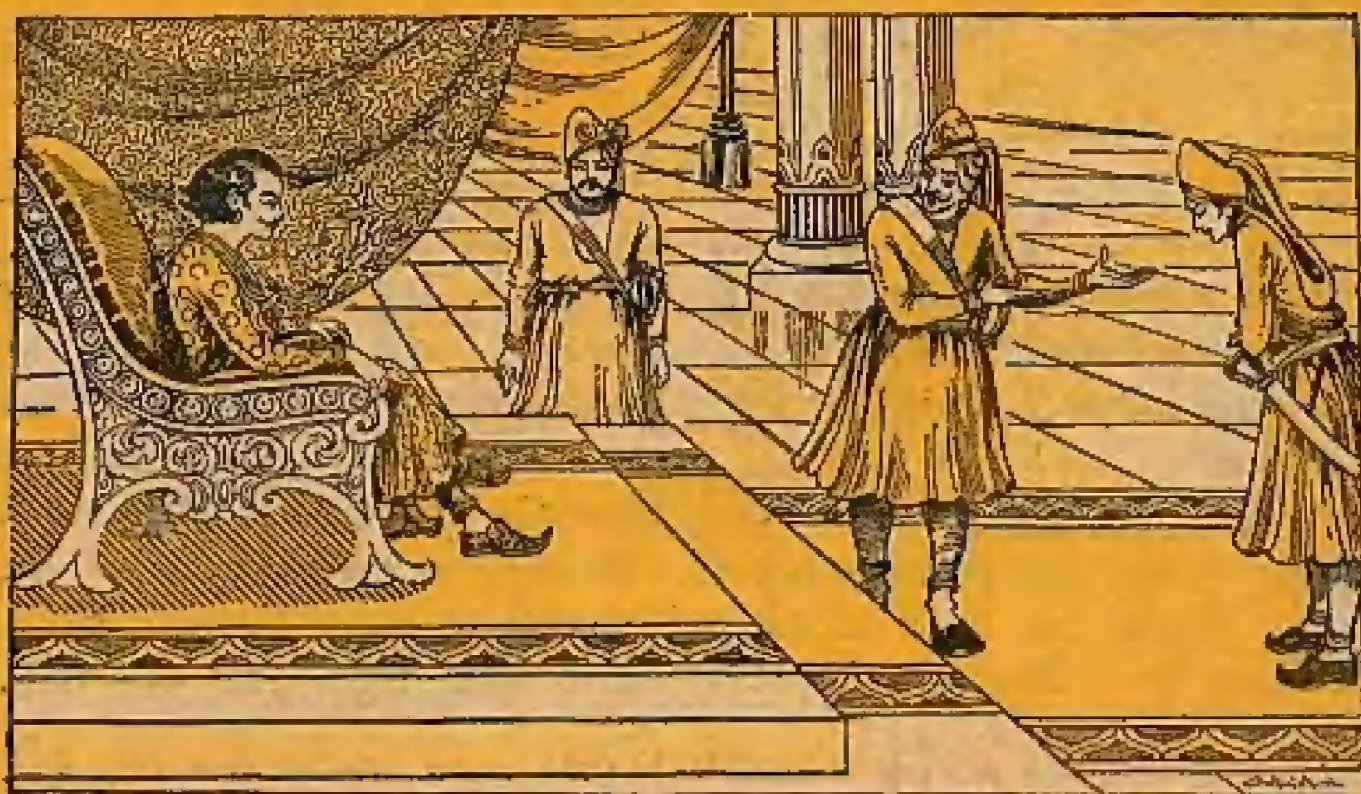
One day Vihara took Vineetha to the king and introduced him thus:

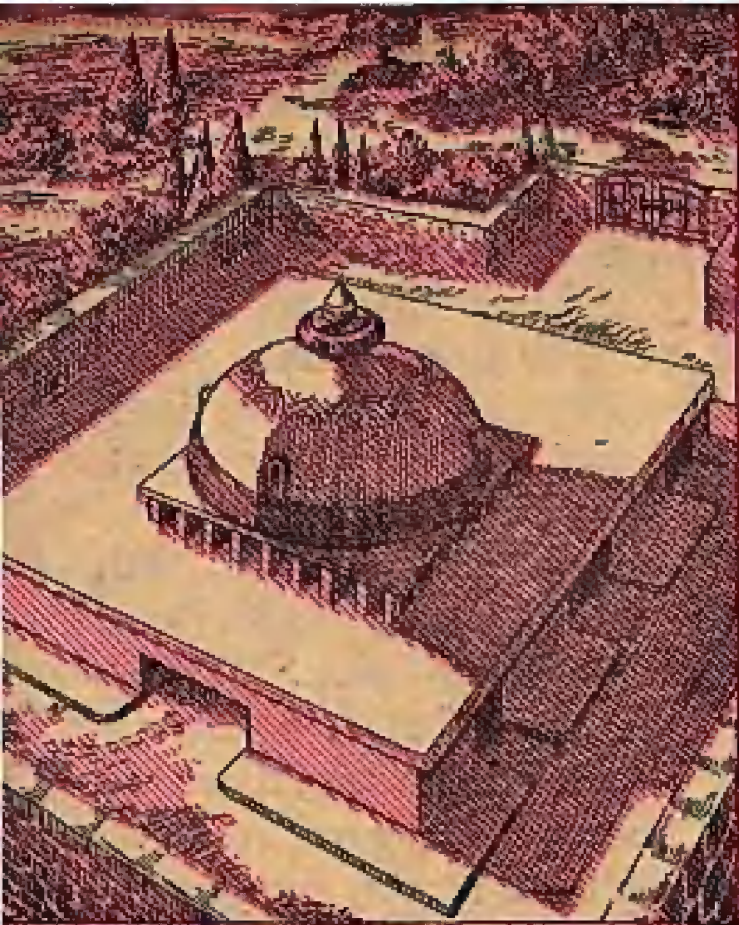
"O, King. This young man is the son of the Chola Minister. Insulted by his king and swearing vengeance, he has come to us seeking asylum. The King's Code defines that our enemy's enemy is our friend. Therefore I strongly feel that we ought to grant him asylum."

The king consented. Only, Vijaya disapproved of this very

strongly. He went to the king and said, "O King, we should not harbour this Vineetha without properly investigating into his credentials. We know that the Chola King had his eye upon Malwa for a very long time and it was only our strength that was holding him back. If this Vineetha should start collecting our secrets and passing them on to Chola we are sure to fall."

"Don't be afraid, my friend. We shall learn all the secrets of Chola from *him*," the king replied calmly.





In a very short time Vineetha became a noted favourite at the king's court. His retinue changed from day to day. Strange persons kept pouring from Chola, went about with him for a few days and then disappeared.

"All these people are my trusted servants. They will lay down their lives to deliver Chola into our hands," Vineetha told the king.

In fact they were all soldiers of Chola. Not one of them went back. Vineetha built a huge building with state funds, sur-

rounded it with a very high wall and lodged these soldiers inside it with all sorts of weapons and other war materials. About five thousand soldiers were got ready like this and they were all fed at the expense of the state which they were to destroy at a signal from Vineetha.

The only man who kept track of all these activities was Vijaya. He even made an approximate estimate of the number of soldiers Vineetha was maintaining by the amounts he was drawing from the treasury. Thinking that it was futile to warn the king, Vijaya narrated his findings to Queen Sunanda. The king in his turn learnt the facts from the queen.

Actually the king never completely believed Vihara. But, since he was too young and ignorant of state affairs, he wanted to find out which of his ministers was trustworthy and pretended to believe everything. He knew the time would come for him to show his iron hand. Now the time had arrived.

Next day the king came to court and told Vihara "You have been looking after the state affairs so long. Let me see how things stand."

The minister wanted to divert the king with some jocularities, but it did not work. The king went into all details pertaining to cash, income, expenditure, tax-collection, appeals from the subjects, actions taken with regard to them and so on.

Then he turned to the minister and said, "Should any one think of marching upon us to wage war now, they would find conditions very much in their favour, wouldn't they?"

"We have no fear of war from any quarter!" said Vihara, puzzled greatly.

"Ah, you are not aware that the Chola king is getting ready to march his Five Brigades against us!" said the king.

"*Five Brigades?*" said the minister, still more puzzled. The armies of those times were divided into four brigades, the chariot brigade, the elephant



brigade, the cavalry brigade and the infantry brigade.

"Of course, the Chola king will march upon us his Four Brigades. But his fifth brigade is right here, eating our salt. If you do not know even this fact you are not fit to be our minister," said the king. He ordered Vihara to be arrested and imprisoned, appointing Vijaya in his place.

Then the king proceeded with his new minister to the place where Vineetha was hiding his soldiers. He was told that the building belonged to Vineetha.

The king sent for Vineetha and asked him, "Does this building belong to you? What do you keep in it?"

Vineetha replied, "It is true that I got it built for Your Highness on the orders of the minister but it does not belong to me. I do not know what it contains."

"Well, I have no use with it now. Let all the windows and doors be blocked up with brick and mortar," the king ordered. "I shall see what it contains by and by. I may need Vineetha then. For the time being keep him safe in prison."

Thus five thousand enemy soldiers were entombed alive and their leader clapped in prison by the quick and timely action of the king. But by then the armies of Chola had already started

their march on Malwa. The king was prepared for it. Large contingents of Malwa armies were concealed at various places around the fort. When Chola armies laid seige to this fort they were attacked both from the fort walls and from behind. They sustained a heavy defeat and the Chola king escaped death only by a hair's breadth. He never knew why the secret armies inside the fort did not join his regular forces by giving him entry into the fort.

King Dharmapala got Vihara and Vineetha judged as war criminals. They were sentenced to death. Their corpses were hung upside down on the fort walls and underneath them was written: "Fate of the Leaders of the Fifth Brigade."





A SET OF FOOLS

IN a certain village there was a rich landlord. He had four sons. All of them were utter fools. Even though they were old enough to be fathers of children they depended upon their parents for everything. They did not shoulder any responsibility.

Their father wanted to make them worldly wise by entrusting them with some responsible work. He called his eldest son and told him, "My son, you have to go to your grandfather's place and see how they are all faring." The father wanted to see how the boy would fare away from home.

Early next morning when the eldest boy was about to start on his journey, his mother said to him, "Don't stay there too long.

It is a place where even fire and water are scarce." She meant that it was an inhospitable place.

But the eldest boy misunderstood her. He obtained a couple of pots, put fire in one and water in the other and started for his grandfather's village. After going some distance he felt carrying two pots was too much trouble. He put the fire in the water pot and threw the other away.

When the boy reached his destination his uncles asked him, "What is it in the pot?"

"It appears that fire and water are scarce here. So I brought them," the boy replied.

"You silly fool! Where is the fire then?" they asked.

"In the water, of course," the boy replied.

T. R. BHARGAVA



His uncles kept him for a few days and sent him back home, saying, "Young fellow, the world is a bad place for people like you. Never go out of your place all by yourself."

The father knew that his eldest son was no good. He called the second son and said to him, "I want you to stay at the farm and look after the cultivation."

The second son agreed and settled himself at the farm. The lands belonging to the farm were sown to jinjili seed. It was the

sowing season and the farm-hands opened up bags of jinjili-seed and kept them in readiness.

The landlord's son, having nothing better to do, began to pick up the seed by the handful and eat them raw. Seeing this, one farm-hand asked him not to eat the seed raw. He got a small quantity fried by his wife. The boy was struck by the improved taste of the fried seed. He indicated the bags of seed and told the farm-hands, "Have them fried nicely."

"What shall we sow?" asked the farm-hands.

"Leave that to me," said the landlord's son.

According to his wish the entire lot of jinjili seed was fried in the pans and brought to him.

"Now you sow these in the fields. We will have tasty jinjili coming up. You have been cultivating for years and years but you have always been sowing raw seed and growing raw seed. You are ignorant fools."

The farm-hands were shocked. They ran to the landlord and informed him as to what had happened. The landlord cursed his idiot son and called him back. He then called forth his third son and asked him to take charge of the dairy farm and manage it.

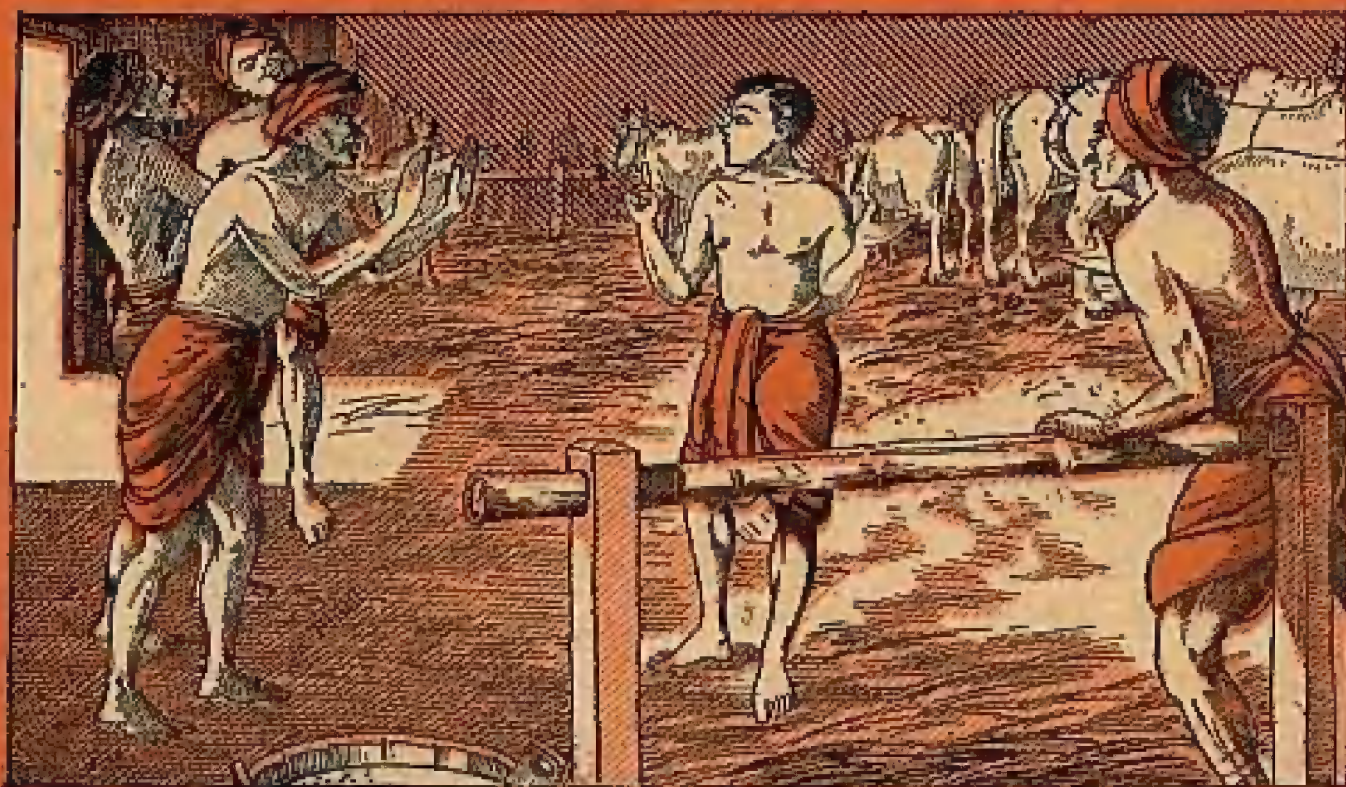
The third son began to get acquainted with the running of the dairy farm. One day he had a brilliant idea. He called to him all the milkers and said, "Look, fellows. In another month there will be *Pongal* and there will be a great demand for milk.

Let us stop milking the cattle from now on. On the eve of *Pongal* we can take the whole lot of milk from the cattle and have huge profits."

Some milkers giggled at this foolish idea of their young master but the others preserved their dignity as they said, "Sir, it is not feasible."

The young master got infuriated and said, "Do as I tell you. I am the master here."

So the cattle were not milked for a whole month and consequently dried up. The milkers





went to their old master and reported to him about what had happened.

The landlord called back his third son in disgust. Now all his hopes were pinned on the youngest boy. This boy not only appeared cleverer than his other brothers, but he even made fun of their intelligence, or rather the want of it.

This time the landlord did not want to commit the mistake of entrusting his son with a set job. On the other hand he asked his

son, "What would you like to do best?"

"Father, I want to do business," said the youngest son.

"Good! Take with you a couple of thousand rupees and engage yourself in business," his father said.

With this money the young fellow wanted to buy something very valuable. He came across a large store of sandalwood and bought it up. He put it in a cart and went from village to village.

He was surprised to find that no one needed sandalwood in bulk. After touring several villages without disposing of his stuff, he asked a villager, "What goods are needed in this village most?"

"Brother, there is no charcoal here. If you have got some, you can sell it readily," the villager replied.

"Well, charcoal it shall be," said the boy. He got up a huge fire and converted his entire stock of sandalwood into charcoal and sold it for ten rupees.

“At last I am rid of the stuff. Let me buy something else,” he said to himself.

He learnt that cotton was available in that village profusely. Almost every house had a store of it. The young merchant went round the village and bought the cheapest variety of cotton with the ten rupees he had on hand. He dumped this cotton in his cart and started for another village.

He wandered over several villages but no one appeared to be anxious to buy his cotton at any price. Whoever had a look at it said, “But this stuff is so impure! We don’t want it!”

He did not know anything about cotton or the process of purifying it. One noon he got down from the cart and sought the shelter of a veranda. It was

so hot and he was very much fatigued.

In one corner of this veranda he found a goldsmith sitting before a pot of fire and blowing it up with an iron tube.

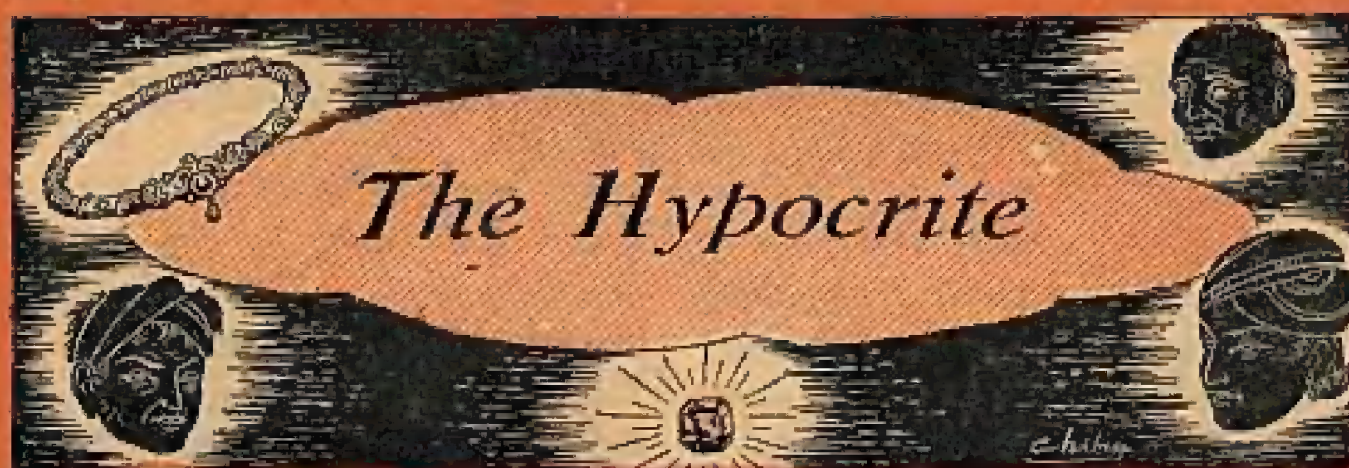
“Friend, what are you doing?” the boy asked the goldsmith.

“I am purifying gold,” the goldsmith said. He also explained to the boy how by heating gold the impurities could be taken away.

The boy’s spirits were at once roused. Now he knew what to do with his impure cotton! He could purify it! At once he went to his lodge, got a huge pit filled with burning coals and dumped his cotton in it.

And that was the end of the boy’s trade as well as his father’s hopes about his sons.





The Hypocrite

YEARS ago the capital of Northern India was a city called Kosambi. During that period the ruler of that capital was Naravahana Dutt. In that same city there lived a poor man named Vasudhar who earned his living by carrying loads.

One day this ill-fated man found a diamond bangle just outside the palace gates. He took the bangle home, removed the diamonds from it and took them to a diamond merchant whose name was Hiranyadutt.

Hiranyadutt examined the diamonds and told him that they were very valuable ones worth quite a few lakhs. He asked him if he wished to sell them.

Vasudhar said that he wanted to sell the diamonds but, as he

could not keep so much money with him, he requested the diamond merchant to keep the money, saying that he would draw whenever he required it.

Vasudhar drew only 5000 dinars. With this he was able to enjoy kingly comforts like eating good food, dressing well and leading a happy and an easy life.

In the same city there lived a trader called Ratnadutt. This trader used to give Vasudhar some loads to carry to his shop. The trader noticed that Vasudhar had been missing for some time. The other loadcarriers told him that Vasudhar had become a very rich man. Ratnadutt wanted to know how Vasudhar could have made such a big fortune in so short a time.

THE FOX AND THE RABBIT

Once a rabbit lived in a big, roomy burrow. He cultivated carrots and lived on them peacefully and happily. A fox had his eye on the rabbit and set many traps for him. But the wise rabbit avoided them all.

At last the fox thought of a wonderful plan by which he could catch the rabbit without fail. He spread some tar on the path by which the rabbit took his morning walks. The fox strewed some green grass over the tar so that it was not visible.

Next morning the rabbit came on his usual walk and his feet got stuck in the tar. The rabbit picked up some of the grass and found tar underneath. He waited helplessly.

Soon the fox arrived and saw that his trick worked. In great satisfaction he collected some dry twigs and proceeded to make a fire.

The wise rabbit thought of a plan to escape. "Mr. Fox! For heaven's sake, do not start a fire so close to me. I am afraid of it!" he said.

"Is that so, Mr. Rabbit?" sneered the fox. "I am expecting that you will come very close indeed to the fire—just to oblige me!" He brought the fire nearer and nearer to the rabbit, laughing "Ha ha!" all the while.

The foolish fox brought the fire so near the rabbit that the tar began to melt and flow. Suddenly the rabbit leaped out of the tar which no longer held his feet and shouted, "Thanks a lot, Mr. Fox! Thanks a lot!" Then he disappeared into his burrow.

—*Rethinam*

ORDEAL BY FIRE

Goha, the witty man of Cairo was very fond of eating and his admirers frequently invited him for food. Goha never turned down such invitations. Once an acquaintance

invited Goha for dinner and a roast chicken was put before him. Goha took a small bit and put it in his mouth. He found it tough as leather.



At once Goha turned the chicken so that its head pointed to Mecca and began to recite prayers over it. Seeing this the host was annoyed and

said, "How is it, Goha, that you recite prayers over a chicken? Is it not a sacrelege?"

"Well, now," said Goha calmly, "do you think this is a chicken? No, my friend. It *appears* to be chicken but in reality it is a great saint who has been thrown into the fire and the fire couldn't touch him!"

The host was put to shame. He gave Goha a proper meal and sent him away.

THE GRATEFUL GOD

In the Sung dynasty; so the story goes, a general was just on the point of losing a battle when a god joined his ranks and turned defeat into victory. The grateful general asked the god his name.

"I am the God of the Target," was the reply.

"And what have I done to deserve your help?" asked the general humbly.

"You have earned my gratitude," replied the god, "because in your military school days, when you were practising archery, you never once hit me."



THE FOX AND THE LOBSTER

A fox and a lobster were standing together and talking. The fox said to the lobster: "Let's have a race!" The lobster said: "Why not? Let's!" They began to race. As soon as the fox started, the lobster hung on to his tail. The fox ran to the goal and still the lobster did not detach himself. The fox turned around to see where the lobster was. He shook his tail and the lobster detached himself and said: "I have been waiting here for a long time."

HASTY CONCLUSION

There was once a rash and hasty king. He was never in the habit of pondering before he took serious action.

One morning the royal barber cut the king accidentally while shaving him. A little while later the royal stables caught fire and the king's favourite horse was burnt to death. And then the king received bad news. One of his ships sank at sea.

"Which was the evil face I saw first this morning that I am beset with such calamities?" the king thought to himself. Then he recollected how he met the washerman while going for a walk just before dawn.

"Get hold of that dog of a washerman and hang him for all the troubles he has brought upon me," the king ordered his men.

The washerman was brought, tried and was sentenced to be hanged. The entire town gathered to see the hanging.

At the last moment the washerman wanted to make an appeal to the king.

"Well," said the king. "What do you want?"

"Sire," said the washerman, "first thing in the morning you saw my face and you had a gash on the chin, a horse burnt in the stables and a ship sunk at the sea. I too looked upon your face first thing in the morning and see what I am getting!"

The king was put to shame before his subjects. He cancelled the punishment for the washerman at once. From then on he never came to hasty conclusions.

—G. R. NATHAN



DEPARTMENTALISM

Once a wounded warrior was brought to a surgeon, his body pierced by an arrow. The surgeon took a pair of scissors, cut off the protruding end, and turned to depart. The relatives of the wounded man, dismayed, cried: "But you have left the head of the arrow inside!"



"Of course I have," replied the surgeon. "That is nothing to do with me. It's a job for the doctor of internal medicine!"

THE STUBBORN WIFE

Once a peasant shaved his beard and said to his wife: "Look how well I have shaved." "But you haven't shaved, you have only clipped your beard!" "You're lying, you wretch, I have shaved." "No, it's clipped." The husband thrashed his wife and insisted: "Say it's shaved, or I'll drown you!" "Do what you will, it's clipped." He took her to the river to drown her. "Say it's shaved!" "No, it's clipped." He led her into the water up to her neck and shoved her head in. "Say it's shaved!" The wife could no longer speak, but she raised her hand from the water and showed by moving two fingers like a pair of scissors that his beard was clipped.

HORSE SENSE

The guest had come on horseback and it was approaching dinner time. The yard was full of chickens



and ducks, but the miserly host said, "I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay for a meal, because there's nothing in the house."

Hearing this, the guest borrowed a knife and offered to kill his own horse for dinner.

"But how will you get back home?" asked his host.

"That's all right" replied the guest. "You can lend me one of your ducks to ride back on."

ANECDOTES

AN old mother was admonishing her son not to go bathing in the river: "Now, mind you, you rascal, if you drown, don't dare to come back home!"

ONCE a turnip said: "I taste very good with honey." "Go along, you boaster," replied the honey, "I taste good without you."

Ratnadutt sent word to Vasudhar inviting him for dinner one night, saying that they were old friends. Vasudhar agreed to come. Ratnadutt made Vasudhar fully drunk and, by sweet words, managed to find out his secret.

He went to the king and told him the whole story, saying that such costly diamonds could belong to none other than the king and asked him to investigate into the matter.

On hearing this the king remembered that he had lost a diamond bangle a long time ago when he was going on one of his processions. At that time he had ordered a search to be made for it but afterwards he had forgotten all about it.

Then the king ordered Vasudhar to present himself before him in court with the diamond bangle. The bangle was embossed with the king's emblem. On seeing his emblem on the bangle the king became angry and asked Vasudhar how he could have made it his own, seeing that it belonged to the king.



Vasudhar said, "I am only a poor illiterate load-carrying man, so how could I know that it belonged to you?"

The king then said, "Why didn't you find out who it belonged to?"

Vasudhar replied, "I am a poor man; if I had shown this costly ornament to anyone they would at once have concluded I was a thief."

The king's minister said, "This man is innocent."

The king immediately ordered Hiranyadutt to present himself

before him. Within a short time Hiranyadutt appeared in the court. The king questioned him as how he could have accepted diamonds which he knew to belong to the king.

Hiranyadutt said, "O Mighty King, it is true that I have purchased the diamonds but I saw the diamonds only and not the bangle in which they were set. Even though he was poor and illiterate, I didn't deceive him. I told him their correct value and purchased them from him. He has taken only 5000 dinars, and the remaining money is with me."

Then the king asked, "When such a poor man brought such costly diamonds to you, did you not doubt whether he had stolen them or not?"

"O Mighty King!" said the merchant, "my trade is to purchase or sell diamonds and not to question where they came from. You can punish me if I have cheated in any of my dealings."

The king realised that he was in the right and ordered him to be paid the 5000 dinars which he had given to Vasudhar and to hand over the diamonds.

The king then ordered Ratnadutt to come to the court. Ratnadutt was full of joy and expected a big reward. When he went to the court the king told him that he had been an unfaithful friend in deceiving Vasudhar but pardoned him since this was the first sin which he had committed.

Ratnadutt then bent his head in shame and went away.



LEARN FROM BEAST AND BIRD!

There was a shepherd who knew the language of all beasts and birds. His wife was as cruel and heartless as he was kind and gentle. One day the shepherd overheard the talk between a couple of donkeys and smiled. "What made you laugh?" his wife asked him.

"I smiled at what the donkeys were saying to each other," the shepherd replied. "Lies!" said his wife. "What can donkeys say to make you laugh?"

If the shepherd told his wife what passed between the donkeys he would die. But his wife kept insisting on knowing what the donkeys said. She tormented her husband so badly that he decided to tell her the conversation of the donkeys and die happily.

He made all preparations for his burial and lay down on his death-bed. His dog stood sadly by him but the cock began to jump and hop in an excited manner.

"Is that the way to behave at such a moment?" the dog rebuked the cock.

"Ah, our master is no man at all," said the cock. "I've fifty wives and they all obey me. Our master cannot manage even one wife."

Hearing this, the shepherd jumped up from his bed, took a piece of rope and thrashed his wife. After that his wife never nagged him.



JOY AND LUCK

One day the deities of Joy and Luck, wandering over the land, reached a town. There they saw a very poor man hawking brooms in the street. Joy pitied the man and wanted to do some good to him. She bought all the brooms from the poor man for twice their value. After some time the sisters happened to pass through the same town. They again saw the poor man. He was still selling brooms in the street.

Joy was sorry that she failed to help the poor man. This time she bought all the brooms he had for four times their value.

Some more days went by and the deities visited the same town once again. Joy was annoyed to see that the broom-seller was still in the street with his miserable store of brooms.

"I was a fool!" said Joy. "This fellow doesn't deserve any help."

"Watch me help him," said Luck. She bought all the brooms from the poor man. She paid only their normal price. Then the sisters departed.

After some time they happened to make one more trip to the town. As they went up the main street they saw a cart coming. There were bags of grain piled on the cart and the man driving

the cart was none other than the broom-seller.

"See, sister!" Luck said to Joy. "You have only shown him joy in selling brooms. I've got him interested in doing business and he has prospered!"



patwari showed the Brahman the dying cow and said, "There's your cow. Take her away."

Now the Brahman could see why the stingy *patwari* was making a gift of the cow. He also understood why the man was in such a hurry.

"Poor thing!" said the Brahman. "It seems to be ailing."

"Did I say that it was not?" the *patwari* retorted. "This was the cow I wanted to give away. Sick or dead it is now yours. I have gifted it to you and all responsibility of the cow is yours."

"So be it," said the Brahman. "One cannot alter another's luck. Give me a few minutes and I shall take away my cow."

The Brahman went about the yard in search of some herb. As a matter of fact this Brahman's

father was a highly gifted veterinary physician and he was aware of some of the ailments of cattle and their cure.

Soon the Brahman picked up some leaves and squeezed their juice into the nostrils of the ailing cow. The cow gave a violent sneeze and a great lump of mucus dropped out of its mouth and the cow got up as though there was nothing the matter with her.

The Brahman put a halter round the cow's neck and, thanking the *patwari*, departed with the cow. The *patwari* was speechless with sorrow as well as surprise.

"Such a fine cow!" he wailed before his wife. "And I have simply given it away to that Brahman beggar!" Both wife and husband shed tears over the cow for quite a long time.



THE WISE ADVISER

A man carrying a bamboo pole came to the city gate. He held the pole up-right and tried to get it through, but the

gate was too low, Then he tried it cross-wise but the gate was too narrow. What to do?



An onlooker suggested that he should go and consult a wise man who lived near at hand.

Just then, the wise man came riding by on his donkey. He graciously consented to give the advice asked.

But before he began, the people noticed that he was not sitting in the saddle, but on the donkey's hindquarters.

When they inquired the reason, he answered, "Any fool can see why. The reins are too long."

THE WISE TEACHER

Once there was a wise man who had several disciples studying with him. One night the wise man woke up from his sleep and, waking up one of his disciples, asked him to see if there were signs of the dawn in the east. The boy returned and said, "Sir, it is so dark that I can see nothing."

"What a fool!" said the wise man. "If it is dark can't you take the lamp with you to see properly?"

DEARER THAN LIFE!

ONCE there was a fool who was also a great miser. He and his wife lived on corn flour without salt. Unfortunately this miser one day thought of treating himself to some sweet porridge. He ordered his wife to make him some and lay down on his bed waiting for it. Some one knocked on the door and the wife went to open it. An acquaintance stood outside and asked the woman, "Is your husband in?" The wife returned to her husband without replying and informed him that [such-and-such person came for him. "You fool, sit at my feet weeping and I shall pretend to be dead. After he is gone we can eat the porridge," the miser told his wife.

The visitor came in and saw that the miser was lying on his bed as one dead and his wife, who was quite normal when she opened the door, was now in unconsolable grief. Also there was the smell of porridge from the kitchen.

The visitor wanted to teach the miser a lesson and began to cry very loudly, "Oh, my friend! You are no more!" Soon the relatives of the miser arrived and, hearing that he was dead, started preparations for his burial.

"This is going too far. You had better get up now!" the wife whispered in her husband's ear and the fool shouted, "If I get up now all these rogues will eat our porridge. Let come what may. I am dead!"



A GOOD EATER

GOHA, the witty man of Cairo, happened to travel with a caravan.

At the first camp all the men sat down to eat their ration of one loaf of bread and one egg. In the desert food was scarce and rationing was unavoidable.

Goha too was given his portion but he did not start eating as the others did.

"Why don't you eat?" the others asked Goha.

"Must I?" asked Goha hesitatingly.

"Of course, you must eat!" the others insisted.

"In that case," said Goha, brightening, "give me half a loaf of bread and half an egg each. Because if you give me all the loaves and all the eggs I shall not be able to eat them."

Everyone laughed and Goha was supplied with extra rations because he was a good eater.



WHAT IS ILL-LUCK?

A certain man was tired after a long journey. He went to sleep on the edge of a deep pit. As he was about to fall into the pit the goddess of Luck woke him up saying, "Get up and sleep farther away. If you fall into the pit on account of your foolishness you will be blaming me for it."



USELESS GOLD

A great miser sold all his property and converted it into gold. He hid the gold in a secret place and feasted his eyes on it every day. Some one found out the miser's secret and stole the gold. The miser discovered the theft and wept, tearing his hair.

A passer-by saw this and said to the miser, "Why should you weep? You never intended to put the gold to any use. So it is the same whether you have it or lose it. You may as well put a stone in the place of the lost gold and imagine that it is gold."



SOME time back, when the All-India Magicians Conference took place at Ballygunj in Bengal, I was asked to demonstrate some magic and I did the following.

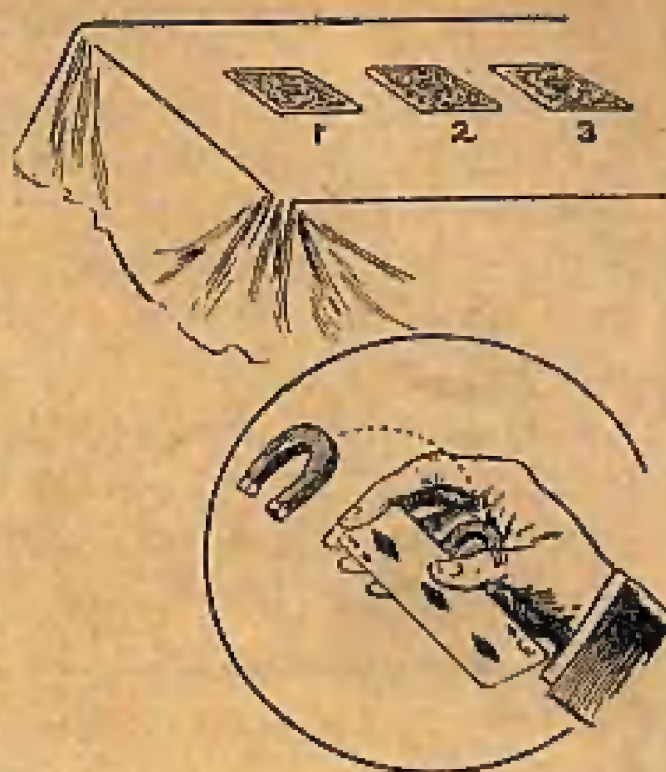
I used a new four-anna coin and three playing cards for the demonstration. Put the coin on the table and cover it with a card. This card is indicated by the number 1 in the illustration. Then proceed to place two more cards at the places indicated by numbers 2 and 3. If anyone asks where the four-

MAGIC

PROF. P. C. SORCAR

anna coin is you can unhesitatingly reply that it is under card number 1. When you lift the card the coin can be seen. You may also lift cards 2 and 3 to show that there is nothing underneath them. Then the magician proceeds to spirit away the coin from under the card by the help of his magic wand. When card 1 is lifted up there is nothing under it. It has gone under card 2. Similarly it can go under card 3, too, to the amazement of the spectators. As a matter of fact the coin can be made to go under any one of the cards 1, 2 and 3. The spectators will be puzzled. They do not understand how the coin has shifted from under one card to another.

But it is quite easy to do. For this you require three cards and three new four anna coins. The magician keeps hidden in his hand a powerful magnet. (See illustration). Hiding anything in the hand is called "palming" and all magicians are familiar with it. When you touch any of the cards with the magnet, the magnet attracts the coin and it sticks to the underside of the card and is lifted with it, but when the magnet is kept slightly away from the card it cannot lift the coin and it is visible on the table to the spectators. The whole trick lies in "palming" the magnet. But only new four-anna coins must be used since the magnet cannot attract old ones. It is necessary that the three coins should be identical in appearance, date as well as shin-



ing. Otherwise the spectators will notice the changes in the coins when they are shown under different cards. This trick is quite simple but impresses the uninitiated very well.

[Readers who want to know further details about this trick may write to the following address, giving reference to CHANDAMAMA. All correspondence should be in English and addressed to—Prof. P. C. Sorcar, Magician, Post Box 7878, Calcutta-12.]

TOWARDS PEACE

One day Heracles was going along a certain path when he saw a thing on the ground that was the size of an apple and put his foot on it. At once it grew twice in size. Heracles got wild and began to hit it with his club. As he went on hitting, it grew larger and larger and stood right across his path.

Then Athena appeared before Heracles and said, "Stop it, Heracles. This thing is the spirit of strife. The more you kick it the more it grows. If you leave it alone it will subside and there will be peace."



WRONG THING, WRONG TIME

Once a boy had been to bathe in a river and accidentally got caught in the current. He cried for help.

A gentleman on the bank heard the cries and began to lecture the boy on the dangers of carelessness.

"First save me," cried the lad. "I can hear to your sermons later."

pion is a symbol of wealth. They may bring me luck."

"May they truly bring you luck," the customers said.

One day a young man came to this shop wishing to buy some provisions. He was Sudam's last son. He looked up and saw the scorpions hanging at the four corners of the shop. He turned to the owner of the shop and said smiling, "The respected shop-owner is evidently so rich that he hangs costly ornaments by threads to decorate his shop.

Why can't he gift away some surplus gold to a poor man like me?"

Ram Gupta was struck dumb for a moment. Then he stood up saying, "Why not, sir? There is plenty of gold in my house. Come and take it."

Seeing that the youth did not believe him, Ram Gupta said again quite seriously, "I am not joking, believe me. Come to my house and take the gold."

The youth followed the merchant to his house and Ram Gupta placed the two brass ves-



sels before him and said, "Please take them."

The youth looked into the vessels. They were filled with gold. He could not guess why the merchant was giving away so much gold to him. After all the house looked quite poor and the merchant could not be rich.

"Why don't you keep some of it yourself?" the youth asked Ram Gupta.

"Sir," said Ram Gupta, "What's the use of keeping that which refuses to be of any value?" He narrated to the youth the entire story of the treasure-trove.

"So this house was once ours. I know that my grand-father used to live in this village. My father

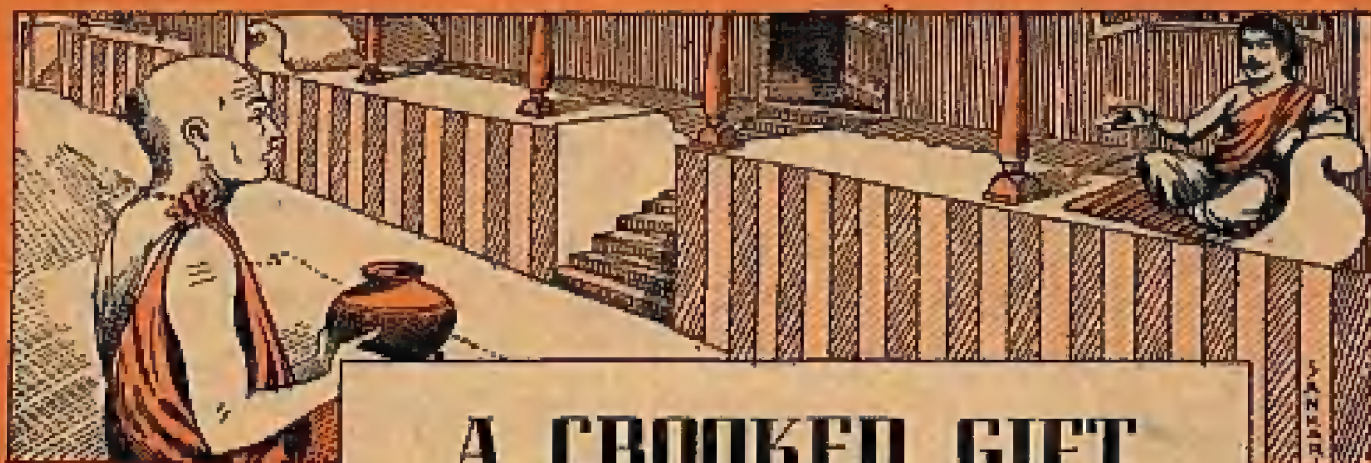
sold away all the property and left this place. I never knew anything but poverty since my childhood. It was only luck that brought me to your shop. Now, I shall accept your gift on one condition."

"What is it?" asked Ram Gupta.

"You must take half of it back as my gift," the youth said.

Ram Gupta was greatly touched at the youth's generosity and the youth departed with only one vessel of gold. Then Ram Gupta and his wife hastily emptied the other vessel on the floor. They saw a heap of shining ornaments of gold instead of dead scorpions.





A CROOKED GIFT

THE *patwari* of Chandranagar was a very rich man. He had extensive lands and numberless cattle. Still he was never known to part with a copper. He guarded his possessions like a dog.

Now it came about that one of the *patwari's* cows became ill and was about to die. Its stomach was bloated and it could hardly breathe. The *patwari* was immersed in deep sorrow. He was about to lose not only a cow but also a couple of rupees besides. The *paraiah* would charge two rupees to remove the dead cow.

Two heads are better than one and it is always better to share one's sorrow. The *patwari* discussed the affair with his wife. This lady was as niggardly as her

husband. She said, "Let the cow die, we cannot stop it. But try to save the expense."

"Yes, yes," said the *patwari*. "That is my anxiety too."

The *patwari* sitting on the pial of his house saw a Brahman beggar come along the street. This man was a new arrival in the village. The *patwari* was struck with an idea on seeing him.

"O Brahman," the *patwari* said, "I am about to send for you when you yourself turned up."

"Well, sir," the Brahman said, "what is the matter?"

"When I fell ill some time back I swore to gift away a cow to a Brahman. I have been postponing it until today. Today I decided to give away the cow.

You are a man with kids and the cow will come in handy for you. Come with me and take away the cow," the *patwari* said.

The Brahman was beside himself with joy. He had a number of kids and finding milk for them was a job for him. He was only surprised to find the *patwari* so generous, for he had heard he was a stringent man and avoided asking anything of him.

"I shall be very happy to receive the gift. Only; today is the eighth day of the moon and tomorrow the ninth, both inauspi-

cious days. So I shall take away the cow on the day after tomorrow," the Brahman said.

"No, No," said the *patwari*, "you must take it today. I hate postponing things. There is nothing like an inauspicious day to take the gift of a cow."

The Brahman was really sentimental about inauspicious days but if he refused to take the cow now the *patwari* might give her away to someone else. So the Brahman consented.

Both of them went to the *patwari's* cattle yard and the



TOM-TOM

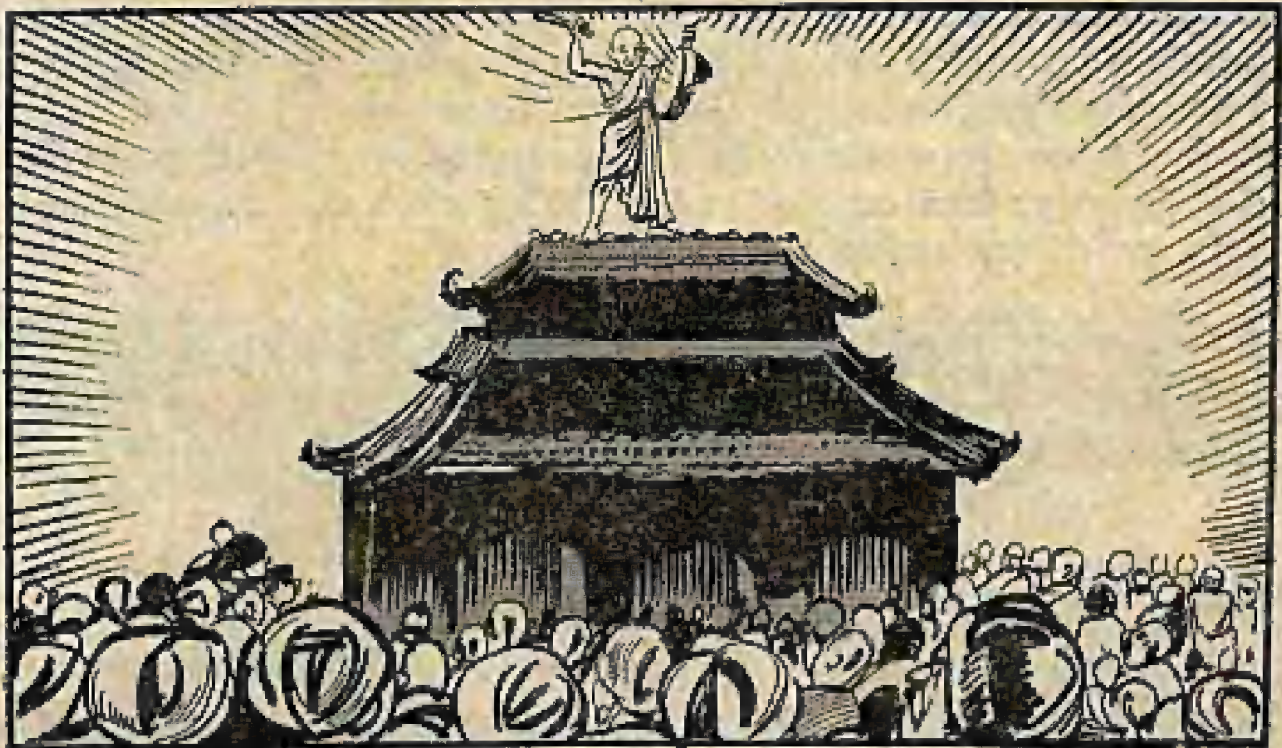
In a hostel attached to a Buddhist temple there was a monk. He was a fool. One day when he was passing along a certain street a dog fell upon him and bit him on the knee.

"Now everyone will begin pestering me with questions about the wound," the monk said to himself. "I shall gather all the persons together and tell them straight away!"

The monk returned to the hostel, took a tom-tom, went on to the roof of the hostel and began beating it. Soon there was a huge crowd and people began to ask the monk, "What is the matter?"

"Listen carefully," said the monk. "This is to inform one and all that, when I was going along a certain street a mongrel attacked me and bit me on the knee and caused a wound which you can see for yourself!"

"What a fuss he made for such a silly thing!" the people thought and went their way abusing the monk.





NEWS ITEMS

Vice-President Dr. S. Radhakrishna opened the Durgapur Barrage on August 9. This barrage marks a stage in the D. V. C. Project. The project will cost Rs. 23 crores. It will irrigate over a million acres of arid land in West Bengal with irrigation canals running into 1550 miles of which nearly half has been dug.

In Georgia and Caucasus there are plantations of trees yielding tangerines, lemons and oranges at the same time. This is made possible by grafting lemon and orange twigs on the crowns of tangerine trees. Only two or three years after grafting these twigs begin bearing fruit. It seems each tree yields more than a thousand fruit.

Dr. Essen and Dr. Parry of the British National Physical Laboratory have built an atomic clock which is much more accurate than any clock in the world. A clock which makes an error of a few seconds in a year is considered quite good for astronomical purposes. But the atomic clock, which does not look like a clock at all, measures time so accurately that it may make an error of a second in 30 years! The earth does not rotate always at the same speed and some days may be slightly longer than some other days. This clock can measure such variations very accurately.



Three months ago Prime Minister Nehru sent eight Indian Mango trees through an Indian Cultural Delegation to China as a gift to the Chinese Government. These trees are growing well in mixed Chinese and Indian soil. Among these trees are four of the best mango species in India.

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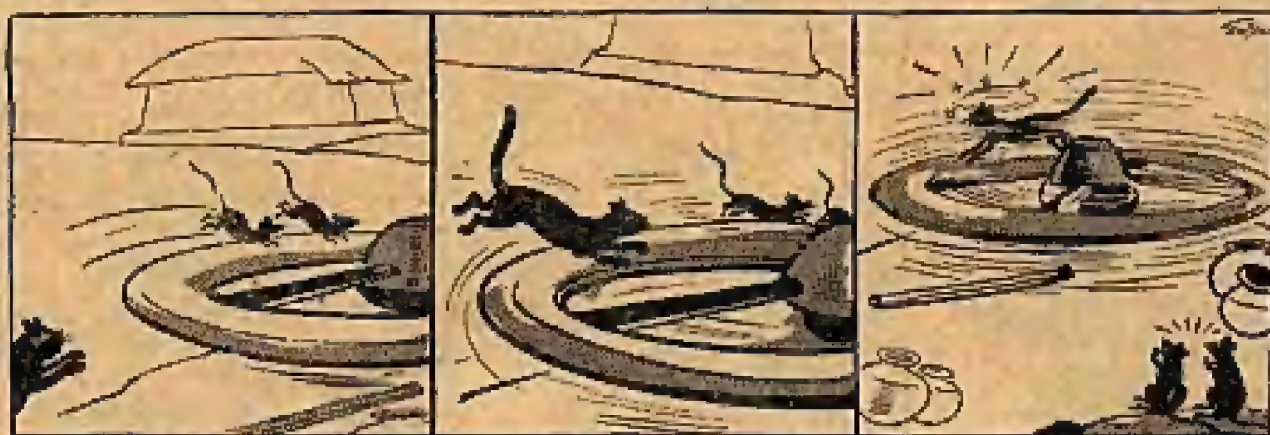
In the Soviet Union they have started using bacteria as fertilizer. Phosphorobacterine is such a preparation. In this concentrated preparation there are wholesome bacteria which help the soil nutrition of crops. Half-litre of this phosphorobacterine is enough to fertilise 25 acres of land.

* * *

The first hydroelectric power system in Andhra was inaugurated by President Rajendra Prasad on August 19 at Visakhapatnam. This is the first of the three generators being installed under the Machkund Project and has a capacity of 17,000 kws. The other two generators which will have the same capacity will go into operation by the end of the year. The project is the joint venture of the governments of Andhra and Orissa. Mr. B. R. Somayajulu is the Chief Engineer.

* * *

In 1954-55 the production of cereals reached a record figure. The area under cereals was 209 million acres and the yield was 55.3 million tons. Compared with 1949-50—the base year for the the First Five-year Plan—the increase in acreage was only 6.9 per cent, while the increase in produce was 20.2 per cent.



ANCIENT ANIMALS

WE have already learnt that the trilobite was the king of all creation 500 million years back. During its "regime" a strange type of creatures called sea lilies came into existence and became very common.

These creatures looked more like plants than animals, with "roots" at the bottom and flower-like petals at the top connected by a long and narrow stalk. Crenoids which we can see today are descended from these sea lilies.

"Cephalopods"—creatures with their heads on the ground—also made their appearance while trilobites flourished. These creatures had huge round shells covering their bodies and their heads and hands peeped out of the openings at the bottom of the shells. Some cephalopods had round shells while others had straight and long shells.

In course of time the cephalopods evolved into much more powerful creatures than the trilobites and became kings of creation in their turn. Being flesh eaters they might have eaten the trilobites too. The cephalopods with straight bodies achieved a size of 20 feet and they had no rivals in the seas of that period.

Cephalopods too thrived unrivalled for a hundred million years and then they yielded the "crown" to fishes which had backbones. With the fall of the cephalopods the Age of the Invertebrates came to an end. The squids which we see today are the descendants of the early cephalopods which became extinct long ago.



Cephalopod



THE SUN

WE see millions of stars in the sky at night, but only one star during the day and that is the Sun. Among the stars we see there are much bigger ones than the Sun. But the Sun appears much bigger and brighter than any other star because it is much nearer to us.

- * The distance between the Sun and the Earth varies between 91,460,000 and 94,524,000 miles. Light of the Sun travelling at a speed of 186,000 miles per second takes about 8 minutes to reach the Earth. The light from the nearest star travelling at the same speed takes four and a half years to reach us!
- * The diameter of the Sun is 867,000 miles and the area of its surface about 2300 million square miles—12,000 times the area of the surface of the Earth.
- * The Sun is a ball of incandescent gases. It is on account of this glow that we know that the Sun contains most of the elements that we know on earth.
- * Jets of rosy gas shoot up from the surface of the Sun to heights over 100,000 miles. These are the Solar Prominences.
- * We can observe some dark spots on the Sun. These spots are formed by tornadoes in the gases on the surface of the Sun. At times they last weeks and months. By the help of these Sunspots we know that the Sun goes round itself once every 25 days 7 hours and 48 minutes—much slower than the Earth which revolves once every 24 hours. Even with this slow rotation a Sunspot on the equator of the Sun moves at the rate of a million miles a day! The Sunspots appear to be dark against the glowing gases of the Sun but they are actually brighter than liquid iron. Some of the Sunspots are so big that our Earth can be easily swallowed up in them.
- * The most beautiful thing to be observed during a complete Solar Eclipse is the Sun's Corona—a wide halo of light.

THE BACK COVER

THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL-4.

THE Emperor called for his Minister of Birds and Beasts and said to him, "Go to Mistress Clever and demand that she send two tasty doves to the palace every day."

The Minister of Birds and Beasts went to Mistress Clever and informed her about the Emperor's wish.

"I will send the doves," said Mistress Clever, "if you stop taxing the poor people on the mountainside."

The minister had to agree to this condition.

The next morning Mistress Clever cut two paper doves and gave them to Chàng. "Take these to the Emperor," she told him.

"Will these paper birds do?" Chuang asked her in surprise.

"Just deliver them to the Emperor," said Mistress Clever. "Don't worry."

So Chuang put the paper birds in his pocket and went to the palace. When he took them out again they became real birds. The Minister of Birds and Beasts and all the other high officials jumped and scrambled to catch them.

The Emperor saw Chuang and shouted angrily, "What right has this dirty farmer to come into my royal palace! Tell his wife to bring the birds herself tomorrow."

So, the next day Mistress Clever came to the palace. When the Emperor saw how lovely she was, he nearly fell off his throne.

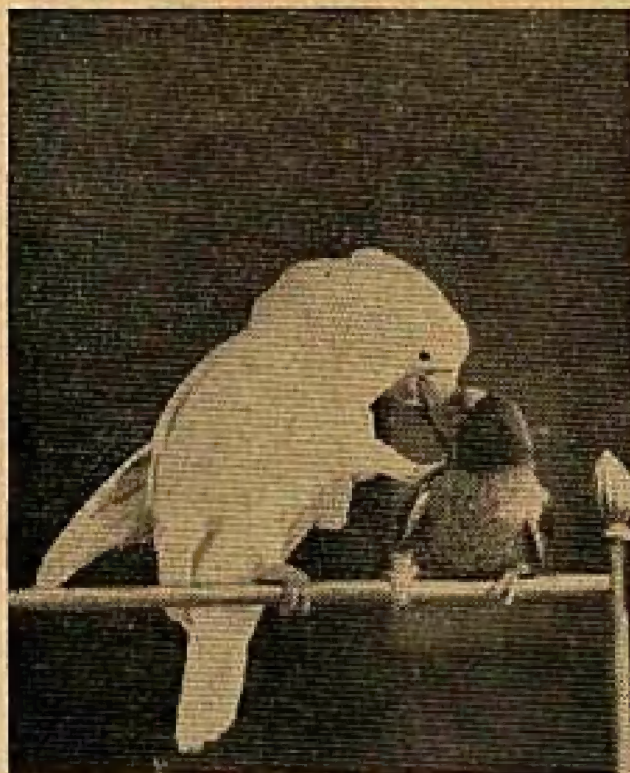
"You are too beautiful to be married to a simple farmer," the Emperor told Mistress Clever. "Why don't you stay here and be my chief wife?"

PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

DECEMBER 1955

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.

★ The captions should reach us before 10th of October '55.

The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-

★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition", Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR OCTOBER

- I. *Photo* : And he who lies late, Will never be wise.
- II. *Photo* : Cocks crow in the morn, To tell us to rise.

Contributed by

HARI PRASAD, C/o Sri Balakrishnalal Laxman Prasad, (P. O.) WARORA (M. P.)

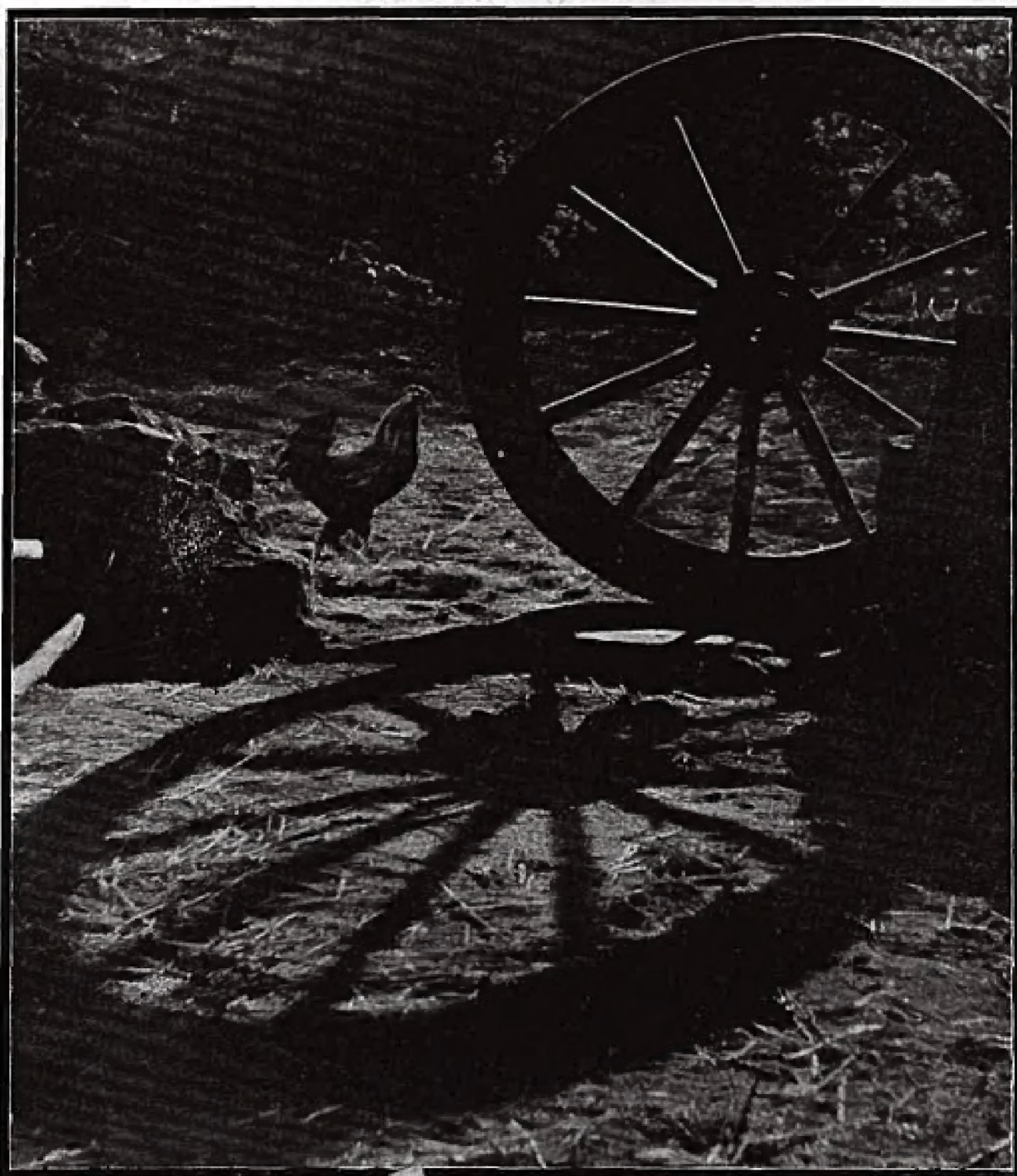
AWARD Rs. 10

Picture Story



ONE evening Dass started on a walk into the woods. "Tiger" accompanied him. Unexpectedly Dass came upon a hare in the woods. He set "Tiger" after the hare and began to run after him. The hare shot off in between the trees and Dass passing by a tree came upon a bear. He stopped and turned back to escape. But he heard a cry behind and found that the "bear" was none other than Vass.

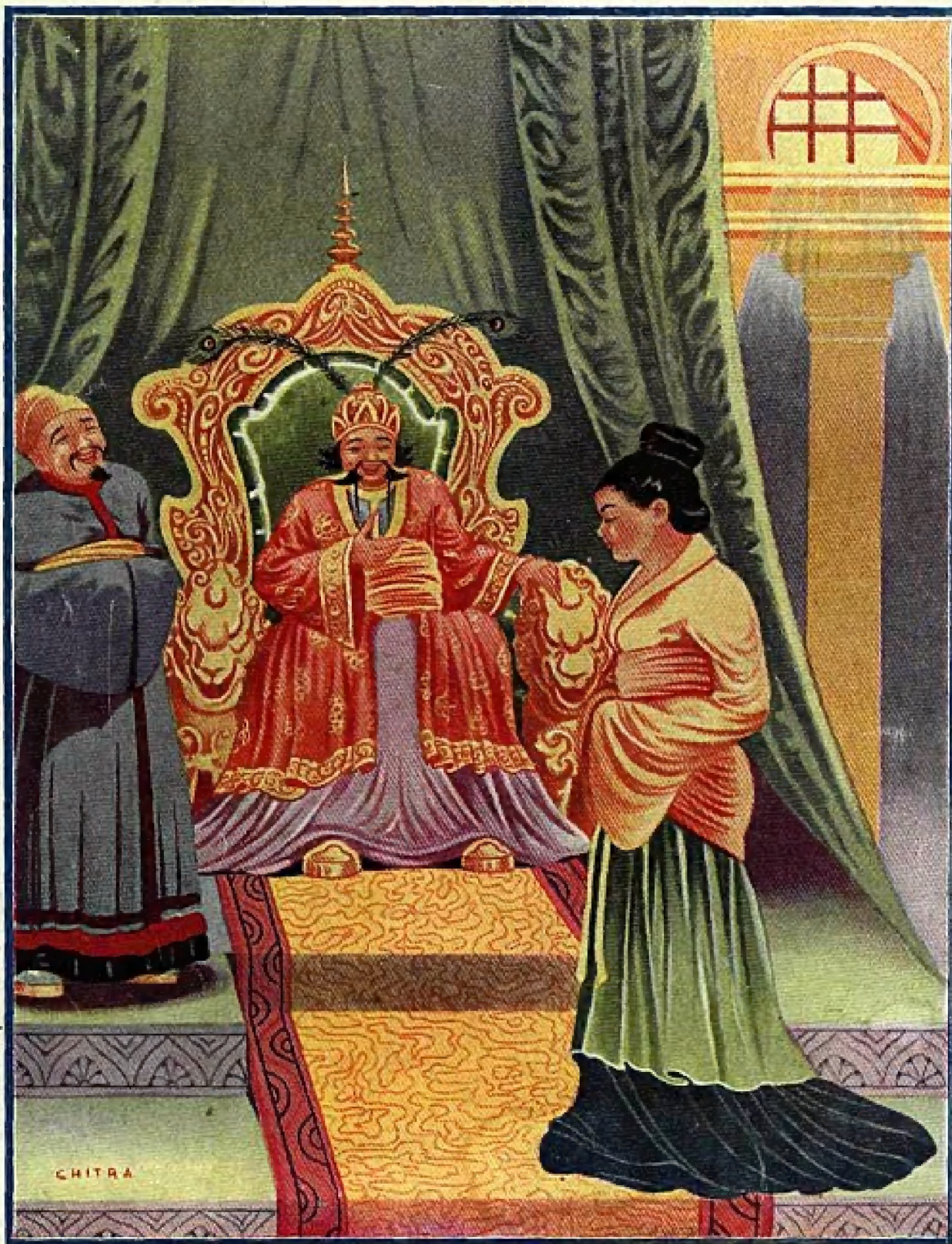




Winning
Caption

COCKS CROW IN THE MORN
TO TELL US TO RISE

Contributed by
Hari Prasad, Warora



THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL—4